

LOCAL TWINKLES.

Joe is doing itself justice.  
Too warm water is still waving.  
Too few crops is larger than land.  
Too are three or four cases of this in town.

For the next week butter, eggs, chickens and vegetables will be up to find ready sale here.

Rev. R. H. Cropper informs us that his new book will probably be out in August 1st, or not later than the 15th.

Yarn now on the further notice they will grow a little shorter, and as a matter of course, the nights a little longer.

Mrs. Victoria J. Gibson, formerly of this place, and wife of J. N. Gibson, died at Whitehaven, Tenn., on the 14th inst.

Plenty of rain has fallen within the last week; some farmers complain of too much, as it has hindered them from plowing.

Mr. John H. Rick has a "patch" of corn, which though averaging nine feet high, is just tasseling. This is a little remarkable.

Capt. Pitt Darden, State Grange lecturer, put in an appearance here last Saturday, but for some reason, unknown to us, failed to fill his appointment.

Mr. C. Vanderpool, one of our largest and most successful fruit-growers, has our thanks for a basket of large, luscious peaches, presented to us Saturday last.

We attended the examination of Miss Mollie Duval's school and had intended writing an account of it, but a correspondent has anticipated us, which is as well if not better.

As Nathan Laird's mother and other relatives refused to bury him, he was buried at the expense of the county. Nathan's people said "they wanted denat hung him to bury him."

The Baptist State Convention will meet here Thursday, June 29th. Rev. J. T. Christian informs us that the doors will be thrown wide open and all those who desire to attend are welcome to do so.

Prof. E. R. Tice predicts the following weather for next week: 21st to 27th, sweltering, threatening weather, with severe storms in place; 28th, clear and pleasant; 29th, clouding and threatening rain.

As it was feared that Judge Lynch had an idea of settling the feud of Geo. W. Ward, a rapist, who has been confined in jail here, the prisoner, by order of Judge Roane, was removed to another jail—probably at Grenada—Wednesday night.

Last Thursday Mr. J. A. Thornton presented some curiosities in the shape of Australian peaches and "Albino" blackberries—the former coming from the farm of Mr. G. O. Reynolds. These berries are of a light pink color. The peaches are about as flat as biscuits.

Mr. C. Salles, the barber, desires us to say that the reports circulated about his "running away" are false and intended to injure his business; he goes to Memphis occasionally to see his family. He is here to stay and expects to move his family to Grenada next winter.

On one night of the Convention, Rev. E. A. Taylor, of Grenada, will deliver a lecture in the Baptist church here on "Palestine, the Holy Land." Mr. Taylor is a cultured gentleman, an eloquent and impressive speaker, and we expect him a large and appreciative audience. The price of admission will be 25 cents, the proceeds to be appropriated to the Baptist church of this place.

Mr. Howard (c) and Becky (c) were tried before Squire Squire and found guilty of a criminal exhibition. Each of them fined twenty-five dollars and sentenced to jail ten days. Howard is an old and experienced gambler, having been in the penitentiary and reformed a gambler and vaudeville artist. There is much sympathy for Becky Rowe, and it is probable she will be paid out of her bonds.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. F. Hedges is on a visit to his brother in Arkansas.

Miss J. R. Chalmers is in Washington, "bustling" with the Arthur administration.

Mr. Sam Morehead has gone to Philadelphia, Arkansas, his former home, to stay indefinitely.

Miss Ida Henderson, who graduated at Blue Mountain Female College last week, has returned home.

Miss Mollie Duval left on last Wednesday for Memphis, to spend a few days with friends and acquaintances.

Shirley S. Smith and his son, W. W. Smith, deputy chamberlain, have been confined to their beds with sickness this week, but we are glad to report them able to be up now.

Miss Jamie Thompson, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. M. A. Thompson, left here last Friday to visit friends and relatives in Oxford. Don't stay too long, Miss Jamie, this warm weather.

COURTLAND.

Examination, Pic-Nic and Concert.

Prof. F. R. Woodruff's school at Courtland had an examination Wednesday, followed by a delightful little picnic and a successful and satisfactory concert at night. The editor of the Star did not attend the examination—only arriving in time to hear the greater portion of the address of our fellow-townsmen, Mr. J. B. Booth, whose subject was "The Secret of Success." Mr. Booth delivered an excellent speech, citing the names and careers of several illustrious Americans as worthy examples for the youth of today. At night the school-house was packed and jammed with hundreds who came to witness the concert. It was a very pleasant affair and passed off creditably to all concerned. We regret that due and space do not permit us to give a detailed account. The exhibition consisted of plays, choruses, tableaux and dialogues. The following are the names of those who took part in the entertainment: Misses Laura L. McGill, Lora L. Dutton, E. W. Dutton, Valle Vance, I. M. Hardy, M. S. Cary, M. A. Wells, A. B. McGill, and Messrs. D. O. Cautlin, S. H. Burnett, W. Hermon, Reddy Vance, R. M. Weaver, R. S. Wells and W. H. Hendrix. While some of these are worthy of special mention, when all is said so well, we think it unjust to discriminate. The concert was followed by a dance, which we did not attend, but suppose it was enjoyed by those who did. Courtland is a thriving, beautiful little village, and among its inhabitants are many of the nicest and cleverest people we have ever met. Especially for a young man, Courtland has some charming and almost irresistible attractions. During our brief stay there, it was our pleasure to partake of the elegant and refined hospitality of Miss Laura McGill, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dutton, Mrs. M. R. Crowell, and Miss F. Crowell, Jr. Mr. J. Malone and his wife, Mrs. Adeline Malone, the well-known writer of many soulful and beautiful poems.

"THE SERP."

As Presented by the Sardis Dramatic Club, in the Sardis Opera House.

Despite the heavy rain that had just fallen and the threatening masses of dark clouds overhanging the earth, a fair audience greeted the appearance of the Sardis Dramatic Club before the foot-lights on the night of the 15th inst., though the unfavorable weather doubtless prevented the attendance of many who wished to come from outside of town. The following were the cast of characters: Vladimir, (a Russian Prince), Mr. Ed Carlton; Isidor, (his natural brother), Mr. L. F. Rainwater; Potrow, Ossip and Fedor, (Serfs of Vladimir), Messrs. H. A. Dunlap, W. A. Gwartney and Walter Carlton; Countess Olga, Miss Emma Gunter; Madame La Roche, Miss Annie Arbuckle. The Orchestra, which rendered efficient service, being, of course, one of the chief and most pleasant features of the entertainment, was composed of the following: Dr. M. Adams, (Director), Violin; Mrs. M. Adams, Violoncello; Mr. Wright Ferguson, Cornet; and Mrs. Laura Earthing, Piano. On the whole this tragedy was well presented and can be considered a success, though we believe the audience would have enjoyed it more, had it been followed by a farce, to modify the unpleasant feelings inspired by the concluding scenes of the play. But it may be said with reason the tragedy is too long for such a thing. Mr. Ed Carlton played his part with so much earnestness and intensity that some thought he quite overdid the thing, while others believe he succeeded finely. There was but one opinion in regard to Mayor Rainwater's acting: his conception of that part seemed perfect and natural and he presented it with a tact and grace that would do no discredit to an experienced actor. Miss Emma Gunter acted admirably, and charmed the audience with her gentle voice, and graceful, queenly manners. With a little more training, Miss Emma would certainly distinguish herself as a star of no small magnitude. Miss Annie Arbuckle understood her part well and acted as if she aimed at nothing short of perfection. Mr. W. A. Gwartney, though just arisen from a sick bed, did himself credit, while in the acting of Messrs. Walter Carlton and Hugh Dunlap, nothing seemed lacking, especially with Walter, who generally does well in any role he chooses to assume.

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Friday, the 16th inst., our town was thrown into quite a fever of excitement from a report of a rape having been committed the night before upon the daughter of Mrs. Taylor by one Nathan Laird, colored. The fiendish deed was committed just after midnight. As no trial was had, we can give only such statements as could be gathered here and there. Mrs. Taylor is a widow lady living about seven or eight miles east of Sardis; her daughter is the only person living with her (so we were informed). It seems that the negro boy had been in the habit of going to Mrs. Taylor's, consequently he knew all about the premises. On the night above mentioned, some time after twelve o'clock, Laird entered the house, whether by force or not, we did not learn, and attempted his fiendish work on the young lady while in the house, but Mrs. Taylor came to her daughter's assistance—striking Laird with a board; whereupon he struck her in the face with a pistol, and took the girl from the house and satisfied his lustful desire. He then left there, and when next we hear of him he is found asleep on the gallery of Mr. Gabe Wells, of this place. When asked why he was there, he remarked that he had been out with the girls the night before, and hadn't slept much. He was then asked what made his face so marked up with smut; he failed to make satisfactory answer, but asked for water with which to wash it off. After washing his face he left Mr. Wells' and went out in a field near town, climbed down in a large gully and again went to sleep, where he was found, arrested and brought before Squire Balch for trial. All the evidence against him was circumstantial, but so strong that he was placed in jail to await trial, which was set for today (Wednesday). On Tuesday last he admitted to certain parties that he was the right man, but he denied doing more than striking Mrs. Taylor with a pistol and subjecting the young lady to such violence only as to show her (as he said) that he could do what he wished with her. Little did he know what a few hours would bring forth, for that night a company of masked horsemen, numbering about twenty-five, more or less, came to the jail about half past one o'clock and demanded the prisoner. They first went to Mr. George V. Lester, deputy sheriff, and ordered him to give up the keys. Mr. Lester emphatically refused to obey the order. They then told him to come out of the house, which he did, when several of the masked men rushed in and went to the room occupied by Sheriff Smith, who was in bed sick, and again demanded the keys, but Mr. Smith was as determined as his deputy, Mr. Lester, to do all he could to save the prisoner, and he, too, refused to give up the keys. Thinking they were not going to get the keys, the leader ordered his men to break the doors down, saying they had come for the negro and were going to have him. As they started to carry out this command, Mrs. Smith saw that they were determined to do something, became uneasy about the safety of her husband, who had so positively refused to obey their commands, and knowing it would only make a difference of a few minutes if they did have to break the doors down, for they had come prepared to surmount any emergency, she gave them the keys. They then took Mr. Lester upstairs to show them which cell Laird occupied. By this time the negro understood his peril and began calling for help, crying "murder!" "murder!" at the top of his voice, but his cries were stopped forever when his cell door swung open and he fell into the hands of those death-dealing, masked horsemen. He was rushed down stairs, across the court-house yard and mounted on a mule, and as the main body passed along the streets the "several" guards, placed on all the most frequented corners, were called in, and the whole company rode out East Lee street about one mile to a small oak tree standing so near the road that branches reached far out over the road, and to one of those branches, Nathan Laird, the brute in human form, was left hanging by the neck, where he remained from that time (about 2 a. m.) until 10 o'clock the same morning, when he was taken down for the Coroner to hold an inquest over. Upon examination it was found that his neck was broken. The jury, which was composed of some of our best citizens, returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

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The Baptist, Taken from the Jail and Hung by a Party of Masked Men.

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